THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 10, 1802.

A brief Note of three Italian Teachers of Offence.

[Extracted from George Silver's Paradoxes of Defence, printed about the Middle of the Sixteenth Century.]

THERE were three Italian teachers of offence in my time. The firſt was Signior Rocco; the ſecond was Jeronimo, that was Signior Rocco his boy, that taught gentlemen in the Blacke-friers, as uſher for his maiſter, inſtead of a man. The third was Vincentio. This Signior Rocco came into England about ſome thirtie yeares paſt: he taught the noblemen and gentlemen of the court; he cauſed ſome of them to wear leaden ſoles in their ſhoes, the better to bring them to nimbleneſſe of feet in their fight. He diſburſed a great ſum of money for the leaſe of a faire houſe in Warwick-lane, which he called his colledge, for he thought it great diſgrace for him to keepe a fence-ſchoole, he being then thought to be the only famous maiſter of the art of arms in the whole world. He cauſed to be fairly drawne and ſet round about his ſchoole all the noblemen's and gentlemen's armes, that were his ſchollers, and hanging right under their armes their rapiers, daggers, gloves of male, and gantlets. Alſo he had benches and ſtooles, the roome being verie large, for gentlemen to ſit round about his ſchoole to behold his teaching. He taught none commonly under twentie, fortie, fifty, or an hundred pounds.

And becauſe all things ſhould be verie neceſſary for the noblemen and gentlemen, he had in his ſchoole a large ſquare table, with a greene carpet, done round with a verie brode, rich fringe of gold, alwaiss ſtanding upon it a verie faire ſtandiſh covered with crimſon velvet, with inke, pens, pin-duſt, and ſealing waxe, and quiers of very excellent fine paper gilded, readie for the noblemen and gentlemen (upon occaſion) to write their letters,

being then deſirous to follow their fight, to ſend their men to diſpatch their buſineſſe. And to know how the time paſſed, he had in one corner of his ſchoole a clocke, with a verie faire large diall; he had within that ſchoole a roome, the which was called his privie ſchoole, with many weapons therein, where he did teach his ſchollers his ſecret fight, after he had perfectly taught them their rules. He was very much beloved in the court.

There was one Auſten Bagger, a very tall gentleman of his hands, not ſtanding much upon his ſkill, but carrying the valiant hart of an Engliſhman, upon a time being merrie amongſt his friendss, ſaid he would go fight with Signior Rocco, preſently went to Signior Rocco his houſe in the Black-friers, and called to him in this manner: "Signior Rocco, thou that art thought to be the only cunning man in the world with thy weapon, thou that takeſt upon thee to hit ani Engliſhman with a thruſt upon any button, thou that takeſt upon thee to come over the ſeas, to teach the valiant noblemen and gentlemen of England to fight, thou cowardly fellow come out of thy houſe, if thou dare for thy life; I am come to fight with thee."

Signior Rocco, looking out at a window, perceiving him in the ſtreet to ſtand readie with his ſword and bucker, with his two hand ſword drawne, with all ſpeed ran into the ſtreet, and manfully let flie at Auſten Bagger, who moſt bravely defended himſelfe, and preſently cloſed with him, and ſtroke off his heels, and cut him over the breech, and trode upon him, and moſt grievouſly hurt him under his feet; yet in the end Auſteen of his good nature gave him his life, and there left him.

This was the firſt and laſt fight that ever Signior Rocco made, ſaving once at Queen Hith he drew his rapier upon a waterman, where he was ſeverely beaten with oares and ſtretchers, but the oddes of their weapons were as great againſt his rapier, as was his two hand ſword againſt Auſten Bagger's ſword and buckler, therefore for that fray he was to be excuſed.

SKETCH *of* LONDON FASHIONS *for* MAY.

PROMENADE DRESSES.

A Plain round dreſs of white muſlin. A ſcarf ſhawl of lilac or other coloured muſlin, tied down behind with a bow of ribbons, and trimmed at the end with broad black lace. A ſmall bonnet of lilac muſlin (worn with or without a veil) made deeper on one ſide than on the other, and ornamented with a white feather. A locket watch ſuſpended by a gold chain from the neck.

A train or round dreſs of white muſlin, with a ſhort dreſs of black patent net worn over it, and trimmed all round with deep lace.

lace. A ſmall round hat (worn with or without a veil) with a yellow feather in front.

A dreſs of white muſlin, with very full ſleeves of muſlin and lace. A ſhirt of cambric and lace in alternate ſtripes. Spaniſh cloak of worked muſlin trimmed round with lace. Straw hat, turned up behind, trimmed with flowers, and tied under the chin.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Short cloak of fine worked muſlin, lined with pink, and trimmed with broad white lace. Bonnet of the ſame, trimmed with ſmall puffings of muſlin.

A curricle dreſs. A cloſe bonnet made of green ſilk, and trimmed with black. A ſpencer alſo of green ſilk, and trimmed with black lace.

A full dreſs of blue muſlin, trimmed with white beads, full white ſleeves. A twiſted turban of white muſlin, ornamented with beads, and with a ſilver ſpray in front.

A full dreſs, the robe of brown muſlin, trimmed all round with ſilver trimming, the ſleeves of white muſlin and lace, with very full epaulets of the ſame as the dreſs. A hat of brown muſlin, trimmed with ſilver to correſpond with the dreſs, and ornamented with feathers.

The Dutch ſtraw bonnet, bound with broad white ribbon, and turned up before and behind, and trimmed round the crown with puffings of white ribbon, muſlin ſcarf ſhawl.

General Obſervations.—White veils and ſtraws of all ſhapes are general. The prevailing colours are lilac, and blue, and yellow. Large hats give place to ſmall round ones. Spaniſh cloaks and ſcarfs of white or coloured muſlin are at preſent much worn. Feathers continue to be adopted in full dreſs.

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

LETTER III.

(Continued from Page 344.)

YOU aſk me whether the poor are very numerous, and whether their appearance indicates exceſs of penury and diſtreſs? Poverty, my good friend, is the prolific parent of an innumerable family: her ſons and daughters are blown over the ſurface of the earth, like the down of a thiſtle, and like it bear with them a ſeed which will take root on every ſoil, and in its turn will fructify. Yes, yes, here are abundant poor, no doubt; whether they bear a larger proportion in this country to its population than they do in our own, I know not; neither am I able or deſirous to eſtimate the intenſity of their ſufferings! "Charité, Monſieur, s'il vous plaît, pour l'amour de Dieu!"

is uttered in a thouſand querulous tones as one travels from Calais to Paris: it is impoſſible to change horſes without having your carriage beſet by half a ſcore ſuppliant "miſerables," and "let no man ſay (quoth Yorick) Let them go to the Devil! —'tis a cruel journey to ſend them, and they have had ſufferings enow without it."

In Paris, as in London, the maimed and the blind ſolicit your ſous, and, to the great diſgrace of the police of both places, are ſuffered to exhibit their mutilated members and offenſive ſores, to the annoyance and diſtreſs of every paſſenger; here are a great many national hoſpitals for the unfortunate of every age and condition—for orphan infancy and the helpleſs childhood of old age; for the blind and the lame, and for thoſe who labour as well under mental as corporeal incapacity. Les Hoſpices Nationaux have almoſt all of them undergone a change of name: the following liſt of thoſe now ſupported (which, however, does not include thoſe for the maintenance of decayed or wounded ſoldiers or ſeamen) I ſhall tranſcribe from Le Manuel du Voyageur à Paris:—"Hoſpice de la Bourbe; du Gros Caillou; Grand Hoſpice d'Humanité, ci-devant Hotel-Dieu; l'Hôpital Général; des Incurables; de la Maternité, ou des Enfans-trouvés; du Nom de Jéſus; du Nord, ou St. Louis; des Petites Maiſons; de la Pitié; des Quinze-Vingts; du Roûle; de Scipion; des Vieillards." If one compares this liſt with that of the theatres, it will be found light in the balance: of theſe latter I have juſt reckoned twenty-four! But when did you hear of a Frenchman's having exhauſted his ſtock of good ſpirits? A ſpectacle is meat and drink to him, and why do you wiſh to deprive him of it? I ſhould like to be in the ſouth of France during the vintage: how the hale youth and nimble-footed girls muſt bound upon the plain at that joyous ſeaſon, if they cannot keep themſelves quiet and within doors even in December! It was on Sunday-afternoon as we changed horſes at Breteuil, that a knot of lads and laſſes, all decked in clean Sunday-clothes, were romping on a green which riſes by the road-ſide, as full of ſport and ſpirits as if it had been May! For ſeven or eight ſucceſſive hours had we been cramped together in our voiture, and how it happened that we did not all get out and join this frolicful circle, I know not; I am ſure we ſhould have enjoyed it. Perhaps we had pre-determined to ſleep at Beauvais, and pre-determinations are not to be argued againſt.

The police at Paris is ſaid to be remarkably good; under the monarchy you know it was conducted with aſtoniſhing activity and acuteneſs: in one reſpect, however, its preſent ſuperiority will be univerſally acknowledged. The ſtreets of Paris are, generally ſpeaking, very narrow, and are moreover deſtitute of that accommodation which one would think ſhould be even more

neceſſary

neceſſary here than in London where they are wider—the accommodation of a different pavement for foot-paſſengers. It is a fact too well known to be diſputed, that the coachman of a ſeigneur made no ſcruple in driving the long axle of his carriage againſt any unfortunate pedeſtrian who chanced to be in his way, and often-times in mere miſchief would rattle his wheels in among a crowd, and enjoy the confuſion. Many and ſerious accidents muſt neceſſarily have reſulted from this ſcandalous privilege, for ſuch it really was, and in the courſe of the year too many perſons were killed by the exerciſe of it. This noble privilege of breaking other people's bones is now aboliſhed: every horſe, in every carriage, whether it be a voiture, cabriolet, or fiacre, is obliged to have a ſmall bell ſuſpended under his throat, to give timely warning of his approach: this republican regulation is doubtleſs attended with conſiderable ſecurity.

As to highway-robberies one hears nothing about them; it is preſumptive, therefore, that they are not very frequently committed. And yet the temptations muſt be as ſtrong here as they are in the environs of London, and, all other things equal, the chance of detection leſs, for notes are unknown here, and caſh cannot be ſworn to.

We have ſeen no paper-money ſince we left England: an aſſignat is quite a curioſity—a Queen Anne's farthing—but every roſe has its thorn, you know, and here caſh is an incumbrance! Silver appears to be more plentiful than gold, and a man who goes to a banker for fifty pounds has a ſort of ſhot-bag filled with coin, which he will probably either give to a ſervant to carry for him, or hire a voiture and drive home with it himſelf. The exchange is very much againſt England—at Calais we loſt nearly nine per cent. and here we loſe, I think, ſomewhat more than eight and a quarter; this is a ſerious addition to the expence of travelling. The only gold coin that we have ſeen are Louis-d'ors, ſome of which I underſtand have been ſtruck ſince the revolution: the other current coins are douze-livre-pieces, ſix-livre-pieces (both bearing the ſtamp of Louis XVI.) trente-ſous-pieces, ſix-liards, quarter-liards, deux-liards, and centimes. A centime is the hundredth part of a livre, which latter is nominal: a livre (or franc) being ten-pence (Engliſh), a centime is conſequently the fifth part of a halfpenny. The currency of ſuch an inſignificant coin is the moſt indiſputable evidence in the world that things are cheap in France: of what uſe would a centime be in England?—what would it purchaſe? Not thanks from a beggar!

(To be continued.)

Sketch

Sketch of the Life of that celebrated Adventurer, John Law.

THE ſubject of this ſketch was the author of the moſt conſiderable revolution that ever the finances of a nation experienced: France in one week appeared to enjoy incalculable millions, while in the following ſhe was buried in bankruptcy.

Law was the ſon of an advocate at Edinburgh, and born in 1688. In London, he became enamoured of the ſiſter of a lord. This lord, not approving of her marriage with an adventurer, challenged Law, and fell in the duel. Law immediately eſcaped into Holland, and was tried, convicted, and outlawed in England. Perhaps it was in Holland he acquired that turn of mind which pleaſes itſelf with immenſe calculations; he became an adept in the myſteries of exchanges and re-exchanges. From thence he proceeded to Venice and other cities, ſtudying the nature of their banks. In 1709, he was at Paris the ſame ſpeculative genius he had hitherto been.

At the cloſe of the reign of Louis XIV. the French finances were in great diſorder; and, having obtained an audience of that monarch, the bankrupt-king was much delighted by his projects. Law offered to pay the national debt by eſtabliſhing a company whoſe paper was to be received with all poſſible confidence, and who were to make immenſe profits by their commercial tranſactions. The miniſter Deſmareſt, to get rid of Law, threatened him, by one of his emiſſaries, with the Baſtile. Law quitted Paris, and was a wanderer through Italy. He addreſſed himſelf to the king of Sardinia, who refuſed our adventurer's aſſiſtance, declaring, that he was not powerful enough to ruin himſelf!

At the death of Louis XIV. the duke of Orleans was regent. Law ventured again to Paris, and found the regent more docile. The duke indeed was placed in a moſt trying ſituation; the finances were all confuſion, and no hope was offered by any one to ſettle them. The duke lent his ear at firſt reluctantly to Law, convinced what conſequences muſt follow ſuch ideal wealth as that in which our adventurer dealt. In deſpair, the numerical-quack was called in to relieve, by his powerful remedy, the diſorder which no one would attempt to cure.

Law commenced with a moſt brilliant perſpective. He eſtabliſhed his bank, was choſen director of the Eaſt India Company, and ſoon gave his ſcheme that vital credit which produced real ſpecie; for, in that diſtracted time, every one buried or otherwiſe concealed his valuables; but, when the illuſion of Law began to operate, every coffer was opened, while the proprietors of eſtates preferred his paper to the poſſeſſion of their lands. All Europe ſeemed delighted; Law acquired millions in a morning, and even the regent himſelf was duped, and felicitated himſelf on his poſſeſſion of ſo great an alchymiſt.

Law was honoured with nobility, and created count of Tankerville; as for marquiſates, he purchaſed them at his will. Edinburgh, his native city, humbly preſented him with her freedom, in which appear theſe remarkable expreſſions: "The corporation of Edinburgh preſents its freedom to John Law, count of Tankerville, &c. &c. &c. a moſt accompliſhed gentleman; the firſt of all bankers in Europe; the fortunate inventor of ſources of commerce in all parts of the remote world; and who has ſo well deſerved of his nation." From a Scotchman (ſays Voltaire) he became, by naturalization, a Frenchman; from a Proteſtant, a Catholic; from an adventurer, a prince; and from a banker, a miniſter of ſtate.

While Law was undergoing theſe metamorphoſes himſelf, he was performing the ſame droll exhibition in all kinds of individuals. Fortunes were made in a month, and ſtock-jobbing was ſeen even in the narroweſt alleys at Paris.

Singular anecdotes are recorded of thoſe days: A coachman gave warning to his maſter, who begged, at leaſt that he would provide him with another as good as himſelf. Whip replied: "I have hired two this morning; take your choice, and I will have the other."

A footman alſo ſet up his chariot, but going to it, he got up behind, till he was reminded by his own ſervant of his miſtake.

An old beggar, who had a remarkable hunch on his back, haunted the Rue Quincampoix, which was the crowded reſort of all ſtock jobbers: he acquired a good fortune by lending it out for five minutes as a deſk!

Law himſelf was adored; the proudeſt courtiers were humble reptiles before this mighty man; dukes and ducheſſes patiently waited in his anti-chamber; and Mrs. Law, a haughty beauty, when a ducheſs was announced, exclaimed,—"Still more ducheſſes! there is no animal ſo tireſome as a ducheſs!"

When the young king was at play, and the ſtakes were too high even for his majeſty, he refuſed to cover them all; young Law (the ſon of our adventurer) cried out, "If his majeſty will not cover, I will." The king's governor frowned on the boy of millions, who perceiving his error, threw himſelf at the king's feet.

The infatuation ran through all claſſes, and even the French Academy ſolicited for the honour of Law becoming their aſſociate, the only calculator they ever admitted into their body.

But at length the evil hour looked dark and darker; the immenſe machine became ſo complicated, that even the head of Law began to turn with its rapid revolutions. In 1719, he created credit, but in May, 1720, uncounted millions diſappeared in air. Nothing was ſeen but paper and bankruptcy every where. Law was conſidered as the ſole origin of the public misfortune: no one taxed his own credulity. They broke his carriages, deſtroyed

ſtroyed his houſes, and ſought the arithmetician to tear him to pieces. He eſcaped from Paris in diſguiſe, and long wandered in Europe incognito. After ſome years he found a hiding place in Venice, where he lived poor, obſcure, yet ſtill calculating. Monteſquieu, who ſaw him there, ſays, "He is ſtill the ſame man; his mind ever buſied in financial ſchemes; his head is full of figures, of agios, and of banks. His fortune is very ſmall, yet he loves to game high."

Indeed of all his more than princely revenues, he only ſaved, as a wreck, a large white diamond, which, when he had no money, he uſed to pawn.

Voltaire ſaw his widow at Bruſſels. She was then as humiliated, as miſerable, and as obſcure, as ſhe was triumphant and haughty at Paris. Such revolutions are not the leaſt uſeful objects in hiſtory.

The FOLLY *of* WISE MEN.

An Eſſay.

[By Henry Fielding, Eſq.—Not in his Works.]

THERE are a kind of ſilly fellows, whom I do not remember to have ſeen fully animadverted upon by any author, ancient or modern. Many have indeed given us ſhrewd hints concerning them, have attacked them as it were obliquely and in the dark; but none have ever fairly declared war againſt them, and have dared to oppoſe them in open field; the true reaſon of which ſeems to be, that the world in general will be almoſt ſure to be of their ſide, and to maintain their cauſe.

Not to keep my reader in too long ſuſpence, the ſilly fellows I here mean, are thoſe to whom the common voice gives the appellation of *wiſe men*. A people whom, however they may be fortified and ſecured, it is abſolutely neceſſary to encounter and utterly to aboliſh, before it will be poſſible to introduce any true notions of goodneſs, virtue, or indeed of common ſenſe among mankind; for to all theſe the ſaid wiſe men are profeſſed enemies, and all ſuch notions they will be ſure to laugh, or rather ſhake out of the world, by that dangerous ſhaking of their heads, with which they are uſually ſo certain of triumphing over their adverſaries.

It is ſcarce, I think, neceſſary to premiſe, that by wiſe men here, I do not underſtand perſons endowed with that wiſdom of which Solomon was poſſeſſed, which he tells us is more eligible than gold; to which he adviſes us to open our ears, and to incline our hearts; which David tells us, cometh out of the mouth

mouth of the righteous, and which Solomon ſays, is deſpiſed by fools.

Neither do I mean that wiſdom here, which was the deity of the ancient philoſophers, which Seneca ſays, is ſuperior to all the efforts of fortune, and which, according to Horace, makes a man a king of kings, and places him next in rank to Jupiter himſelf.

By wiſdom here, I mean that wiſdom of this world, which St. Paul expreſsly tells us is folly; that wiſdom of the wiſe, which, as we read both in Iſaiah and in the Corinthians, is threatened with deſtruction: laſtly, I here intend that wiſdom, in the abundance of which, as the preacher tells us, there is much of grief; which, if true, would be alone ſufficient to evince the extreme folly of thoſe who covet and purſue ſuch wiſdom.

But though the ſcriptures in the places above cited, and in many others, do very ſeverely treat this character of worldly or mock wiſdom, they have not, I think, very fully deſcribed it, unleſs perhaps Solomon hath done this ironically under the name of folly. An opinion to which I am much inclined; and indeed what is ſaid in the tenth chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, of the great exaltation of a fool, muſt be underſtood of a fool in repute, and ſuch is the wiſe man here pointed at.

In the ſame manner, the beſt writers among the heathens, have obſcurely and ironically characteriſed this wiſdom. "What is a covetous man?" ſays Horace, "he is both a fool and a madman." Now avarice is the very higheſt perfection, and as it were the quinteſſence of this kind of wiſdom. Again, ſays the ſame Horace.—"Chooſe any man you pleaſe out of the crowd; he is either oppreſſed with avarice or miſerable ambition."—Here you have the two great characteriſtics of this wiſdom, avarice and ambition, in one verſe, which, the poet tells us, were the purſuit of all the wiſe men in Rome, as indeed they have been in all other countries.

And with this opinion the judgment of the world has ſo abſolutely coincided, that I am extremely doubtful, whether by a wiſe man is generally meant any other than a man, who is purſuing the direct road to power or wealth, however dirty or thorny it may be. A wiſe man, in ſhort, in the common eſtimation, is he who becomes great or rich; nor are all the labours he undergoes, or all the frauds and villanies which he commits, ever taken into the account, or in the leaſt conſidered as any objections to his wiſdom.

But however wiſe a man may be who outwits and over-reaches others, he ſeems not much to deſerve that name, who outwits and over-reaches himſelf; and this, I am afraid, is always the caſe with the moſt abſolute ſlaves of either of theſe paſſions, that is to ſay, with the wiſeſt of men.

It is certain that a man may (though perhaps with greater difficulty) impose on himself as well as on others; for it has been asserted, and I doubt not truly, that an habitual liar will come in time to believe his own lies. In the same manner may a man make a fool of himself, and this is perhaps the highest degree of worldly cunning. Thus very artful children do sometimes outwit those who have the care of them, and by such means fall into all kinds of mischief; on which occasions, I think none will dispute but that the little wretches have likewise been too hard for themselves.

Divines, pursuing I suppose the opinions above cited from Solomon and St. Paul, have taken great pains to prove that the man who sacrifices his hopes in another world to any acquisitions in this, however wise he may call himself, or may be called by others, is in reality a very silly fellow. These have endeavoured to shew us, that a rascal gibbeted up as it were to the mount of ambition, or a wretch wallowing in the mire of avarice, is in truth a fool, and will be convinced of his folly when it is too late.

But if there be any persons who, in opposition to all the arguments which have been urged to support this doctrine, still guide their opinion by the old proverb of a bird in hand, &c. and conclude that those are wisest who make sure of the present world, yet all must, I think, confess that he is a fool who gives up both; who without any prospect or hopes of a future reward, takes care to be at present as miserable as he possibly can.

Now that this is the case with the slaves of ambition and avarice, is so very manifest, that it forms an affront to the human understanding to endeavour to prove it. Take a picture in miniature of the former, from the ingenious Dr. South. "The ambitious person, (says he,) must rise early and sit late, and must pursue his design with a constant indefatigable attendance; he must be infinitely patient and servile, and obnoxious to all those persons whom he expects to rise by; he must endure and digest all sorts of affronts; adore the foot that kicks him, and kiss the hand that strikes him."

Of the latter, you have as lively a description in the excellent Dr. Barrow. "Other vicious inclinations combat reason, and often baffle it; but seldom so vanquish it, as that a man does approve or applaud himself in his miscarriage: but the covetous humour seizes on our reason itself, and feateth itself therein; inducing it to favour and countenance what is done amiss. The voluptuous man is swayed by the violence of his appetite, but the covetous is seduced by the dictates of his judgment: he therefore scrapes and hoards and lets go nothing, because he esteems wealth the best thing in the world, and then judges himself most wise when he is most base. Labour not to be rich,

cease

ceaſe from thine own wiſdom, ſaith Solomon; intimating the judgment ſuch perſons are wont to make of their riches; whence of all diſpoſitions oppoſite to piety, this is the moſt pernicious.

With examples of the miſery, the folly, and indeed the abſurdity of theſe purſuits, hiſtory ſo abounds, that as there is perhaps no more profitable, ſo there ſeems to be no more appoſite uſe of that ſtudy, than to learn a juſt contempt of ambition and avarice. Hiſtory may make a half-witted fellow a politician, and may point out to to him the means of acquiring power or wealth; but it bids fair to raiſe the man of ſolid ſenſe into a true philoſopher, and to teach him the contempt of both.

Crœſus, king of Lydia, having received a favour from Alcmæon, the Athenian, gave him as much gold as he could carry. Alcmæon not contented with loading his pockets, which were for the purpoſe made immenſely large, and filling a vaſt pair of boots with gold, tied ſeveral ingots of gold to his hair, and crammed his mouth with the ſame metal. In this condition when Crœſus ſaw him coming out of the treaſury, Herodotus tells us, he burſt into a moſt immoderate fit of laughter, at the extreme avarice of the man.

In ſolemn truth, there is nothing more ridiculous than the labours either of avarice or ambition; and for this reaſon eſpecially that thoſe who undergo them, undergo them to no purpoſe. No fable was ever ſo finely conceived as that of Tantalus, to repreſent the ſtate of a miſer; who, as Biron finely ſaid, "ſurveys the heaps of another man, as if they were his own, and his own as if they were another man's, being indeed not in poſſeſſion of his wealth, but poſſeſſed by it."

And what is the caſe of the ambitious man, when he has gained the power he aimed at? Can he call it his own, or enſure himſelf the enjoyment of it? Notwithſtanding all the ſlavery and unwearied diligence with which he muſt court the ſupporters of his power, how liable are they every hour to ſlide from him? What a bargain did that wretch make who purchaſed the Roman empire, and was butchered at the end of two months, by thoſe military auctioneers that ſold it him? And yet we read of one in the hiſtory of Spain, who would have been contented with a ſhorter term in his royal eſtate. "In the diſſentions among the Moors, in the kingdom of Cordova, when about a dozen ſucceſſive kings had been put to the ſword, a youth of a royal family (ſays Mariana), aſſiſted by a company of wild young fellows, entered the palace, and deſired the ſoldiers to proclaim him king. They repreſented to him the diſloyalty of the citizens, and adviſed him to take warning by ſo many who had already periſhed. He wiſely anſwered, "Call me but king to-day, and kill me to-morrow." "Such," ſays my author, "is the inordinate

dinate deſire of reigning; and ſuch, I add, is the inordinate folly of ambition."

And yet theſe two are the great buſineſs which the world eſpouses; to the purſuit of which it aſſigns the appellation of wiſdom; and to which, if we will attain that honour, we muſt ſacrifice all the real enjoyments of life.

But in plain truth, if it was as certain that there is no other world, as I take it to be certain that there is, he would be the wiſeſt man who made the moſt of the comforts of this; while the wretch who ſpends his days in cares and miſery, that he may die greater or richer than other men, is the fillieſt fellow in the univerſe.

Deſcription of the Lord of Miſrule, the King of Chriſtmas, the Feſtival of Fools, and the Boy Biſhop.

[From Strutt's Sports and Paſtimes of the People of England.]

IT is ſaid of the Engliſh, that formerly they were remarkable for the manner in which they celebrated the feſtival of Chriſtmas; at which ſeaſon they admitted variety of ſports and paſtimes not known, or little practiſed in other countries. The *mock prince*, or *lord of miſrule*, whoſe reign extended through the greater part of the holy-days, is particularly remarked by foreign writers, who conſider him as a perſonage rarely to be met with out of England; and, two or three centuries back, perhaps, this obſervation might be conſiſtent with the truth; but I truſt we ſhall upon due examination be ready to conclude, that anciently this frolicſome monarch was well known upon the continent, where he probably received his firſt honours.

In this kingdom his powers and his dignities ſuffered no diminution, but, on the contrary, were eſtabliſhed by royal authority, and continued after they had ceaſed to exiſt elſewhere. But even with us his government has been extinct for many years, and his name and his officers are nearly forgotten. No doubt, in many inſtances, the privileges allowed to this merry deſpot were abuſed, and not unfrequently productive of immorality; the inſtitution itſelf, even if we view it in its moſt favourable light, is puerile and ridiculous, adapted to the ages of ignorance, when more rational amuſements were not known, or at leaſt not faſhionable.

"At the feaſt of Chriſtmas," ſays Stowe, "in the king's court wherever he chanced to reſide, there was appointed a *lord of miſrule*, or *maſter of merry diſports*; the ſame merry fellow made his appearance at the houſe of every nobleman and perſon of diſtinction, and among the reſt, the lord mayor of London and

and ſheriffs had ſeverally of them their lord of miſrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who ſhould make the rareſt paſtimes to delight the beholders: this pageant potentate began his rule at All-hallow eve, and continued the ſame till the morrow after the Feaſt of the Purification; in which ſpace there were fine and ſubtle diſguiſings, maſks, and mummeries.

This maſter of merry diſports was not confined to the court, nor to the houſes of the opulent, he was alſo elected in various pariſhes, where, indeed, his reign ſeems to have been of ſhorter date. A writer who lived at the cloſe of the ſixteenth century, places this whimſical perſonage, with his followers, in a very degrading point of view. I ſhall give the paſſage in the author's own words, and leave the reader to comment upon them. "Firſt of all, the wilde heades of the pariſh, flocking togither, chuſe them a graund captaine of miſchiefe, whom they innoble with the title of *lord of miſrule*; and him they crowne with great ſolemnity, and adopt for their king. This *king anoynted* chooſeth forth twentie, fourty, threeſcore, or an hundred luſtie guttes, like to himſelf, to waite upon his lordly majeſty, and to guard his noble perſon. Then every one of theſe men, he inveſteth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or ſome other light wanton colour, and, as though they were not gawdy ynough, they bedecke themſelves with ſcarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, precious ſtones, and other jewels. This done, they tie about either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with rich handkerchiefes in their handes, and ſometimes laid acroſſe over their ſhoulders and neckes, borrowed, for the moſt part, of their pretie mopſies and loving Beſſies. Thus all thinges ſet in order, then have they their hobby horſes, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their baudie pipers, and thundring drummers, to ſtrike up the devil's daunce with all. Then march this heathen company towards the church, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundring, their ſtumpes dauncing, their belles jyngling, their handkerchiefes fluttering aboute their heads like madde men, their hobbie horſes and other monſters ſkirmiſhing amongſt the throng: and in this ſorte they go to the church, though the miniſter be at prayer, or preaching, dauncing and ſinging like devils incarnate with ſuch a confuſed noiſe that no man can hear his own voyce. Then the fooliſh people they looke, they ſtare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon the forms and pewes to ſee theſe goodly pageants ſolemnized. Then after this aboute the church they goe againe and againe, and ſo fourthe into the church yard, where they have commonly their ſommer-halls, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting houſes, ſet up, wherein they feaſt, banquet, and daunce all that day, and paradventure all that night too: and thus theſe terreſtial furies ſpend the ſabbath-day. Then, for the further innobling of this honourable

honourable *Iardane*, lord I ſhould ſay, they have certaine papers wherein is painted ſome babelerie [childiſh, trifling] or other of imagerie work, and theſe they call my lord of miſrule's badges of cognizances. Theſe they give to every one that will give them money to maintain them in this their heatheniſh devilrie;—and who will not ſhew himſelf buxome to them and give them money, they ſhall be mocked and flouted ſhamefully; yea, and many times carried upon a cowlſtaffe, and dived over heade and eares in water, or otherwiſe moſt horribly abuſed. And ſo beſſotted are ſome, that they not only give them money, but weare their badges or cognizances in their hats or cappes openly. Another ſorte of fantaſticall fooles bring to theſe helhounds, the lord of miſrule and his accomplices, ſome bread, ſome good ale, ſome new cheeſe, ſome old cheeſe, ſome cuſtardes, ſome cracknels, ſome cakes, ſome flauns, ſome tartes, ſome creame, ſome meat, ſome one thing, and ſome another."

The ſociety belonging to Lincoln's Inn had anciently an officer choſen at this ſeaſon, who was honoured with the title of *king of Chriſtmas-day*, becauſe he preſided in the hall upon that day. This temporary potentate had a marſhal and a ſteward to attend upon him. The marſhal, in the abſence of the monarch, was permitted to aſſume his ſtate, and upon New Year's day he ſat as king in the hall when the *maſter of the revels*, during the time of dining, ſupplied the marſhal's place. Upon Childermas-day they had another officer, denominated the *king of the cockneys*, who alſo preſided on the day of his appointment, and had his inferior officers to wait upon him.

Selden aſſerts, and in my opinion with great juſtice, that all theſe whimſical tranſpoſitions of dignity are derived from the ancient ſaturnalia, or feaſts of Saturn, when the maſters waited upon their ſervants, who were honoured with mock titles, and permitted to aſſume the ſtate and deportment of their lords. Theſe fooleries were exceedingly popular, and continued to be practiſed long after the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity, in defiance of the threatenings and remonſtrances of the clergy, who, finding it impoſſible to divert the ſtream of vulgar prejudice, permitted them to be exerciſed, but changed the primitive object of devotion: ſo that the ſame unhallowed orgies, which had diſgraced the worſhip of a heathen deity, were dedicated, as it was called, to the ſervice of the true God, and ſanctioned by the appellation of a Chriſtian inſtitution. From this polluted ſtock branched out variety of unſeemly and immoral ſports; but none of them more daringly impious, and outrageous to common ſenſe, than the *feſtival of fools*, in which the moſt ſacred rites and ceremonies of the church were turned into ridicule, and the eccleſiaſtics themſelves participated in the abominable profanations. The following outlines of this abſurd diverſion will no doubt be thought ſufficient.

In each of the cathedral churches there was a *biſhop*, or an *archbiſhop of fools*, elected; and in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal ſee, a *pope of fools*. The mock pontiffs had uſually a proper ſuit of eccleſiaſtics who attended upon them, and aſſiſted at the divine ſervice, moſt of them attired in ridiculous dreſſes, reſembling pantomimical players and buffoons; they were accompanied by large crowds of the laity, ſome being diſguiſed with maſks of a monſtrous faſhion, and others having their faces ſmutted; in one inſtance to frighten the beholders, and in the other to excite their laughter: and ſome, again, aſſuming the habits of females, practiſed all the wanton airs of the looſeſt and moſt abandoned of the ſex. During the divine ſervice this motley crowd were not contented with ſinging of indecent ſongs in the choir, but ſome of them eat, and drank, and played at dice, upon the altar, by the ſide of the prieſt who celebrated the maſs. After the ſervice they put filth into the cenſers, andran about the church, leaping, dancing, laughing, ſinging, breaking obſcene jeſts, and expoſing themſelves in the moſt unſeemly attitudes with ſhameleſs impudence. Another part of theſe ridiculous ceremonies was to ſhave the *precentor of fools* upon a ſtage erected before the church, in the preſence of the populace; and, during the operation, he amuſed them with lewd and vulgar diſcourſes, accompanied by actions equally reprehenſible. The *biſhop*, or the *pope of fools*, performed divine ſervice habited in the pontifical garments, and gave his benediction to the people before they quitted the church. He was afterward ſeated in an open carriage, and drawn about to the different parts of the town, attended by a large train of eccleſiaſtics and laymen promiſcuouſly mingled together; and many of the moſt profligate of the latter aſſumed clerical habits, in order to give their impious fooleries the greater effect; they had alſo with them carts filled with ordure, which they threw occaſionally upon the populace aſſembled to ſee the proceſſion. Theſe ſpectacles were always exhibited at Chriſtmas-time, or near to it, but not confined to one particular day. When the ceremony took place upon St. Stephen's-day, they ſang, as part of the maſs, a burleſque compoſition, called *The Proſe of the Aſs*, or *The Fool's Proſe*. It was performed by a double choir, and at intervals, in place of a burden, they imitated the braying of an aſs. Upon the feſtival of St. John the Evangeliſt they had another arrangement of ludicrous ſentences, denominated *The Proſe of the Ox*, equally reprehenſible.

Groteſque ceremonies, ſomething ſimilar to thoſe above mentioned, certainly took place in England; but probably they were not carried to that extent of impiety, nor ſo groſsly offenſive to decency. We had a *king of the fools*, but his office was ſuppreſſed at an early period, and not, that I remember, revived in the ſucceeding times. The election and the inveſtment

of

of the *boy-biſhop* was certainly derived from the *feſtival of fools*. In all the collegiate churches, at the feaſt of St. Nicholas, or of the Holy Innocents, and frequently at both, it was cuſtomary for one of the children of the choir, completely apparelled in the epiſcopal veſtments, with a mitre and croſier, to bear the title and ſtate of a biſhop. He exacted a ceremonial obedience from his fellows, who, being dreſſed like prieſts, took poſſeſſion of the church, and performed all the ceremonies and offices which might have been celebrated by a biſhop and his prebendaries. Colet, dean of St. Paul's, who, though he was "a wiſe and good man," countenanced this idle farce; and, in the ſtatutes for his ſchool at St. Paul's, expreſsly orders that the ſcholars "ſhall every Childermas, *that is, Innocents*-day, come to Paule's churche, and hear the *childe byſhop's* ſermon and after be at hygh maſſe, and each of them offer a penny to the childe byſhop; and with them the maiſters and ſurveyors of the ſchole."

After having performed the divine ſervice, the biſhop and his aſſociates went about to different parts of the town, and viſited the religious houſes, collecting money. Theſe ceremonies and proceſſions were formally abrogated by proclamation from the king and council, in the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth; the concluding clauſe of the ordinance runs thus: "Whereas heretofore dyvers and many ſuperſtitious and chyldyſh obſervances have been uſed, and yet to this day are obſerved and kept in many and ſundry places of this realm upon St. Nicholas, St. Catherines, St. Clements, and Holy Innocents, and ſuch like holy-daies; children be ſtrangelie decked and apparayled to counterfeit prieſts, biſhops, and women, and ſo ledde with ſongs and dances from houſe to houſe, bleſſing the people, and gathering of money; and boyes to ſinge maſſe, and preache in the pulpits, with ſuch other unfittinge and inconvenient uſages, which tend rather to deryſyon than enie true glorie to God, or honour of his ſayntes." This idle pageantry was revived by his daughter Mary; and in the ſecond year of her reign an edict was iſſued from the biſhop of London to all the clergy of his dioceſe, to have a boy-biſhop in proceſſion. The year following, "the childe biſhop, of Paules church, with his company," were admitted into the queen's privy chamber, where he ſang before her on St. Nicholas-day and upon Holy Innocents-day. Again the next year, ſays Strype, "On Saint Nicholas-even, *Saint Nicholas*, that is, a boy habited like a biſhop *in pontificalibus* went abroad in moſt parts of London, ſinging after the old faſhion; and was received with many ignorant but well-diſpoſed people into their houſes, and had as much good cheer as ever was wont to be had before. After the death of Mary this ſilly mummery was totally diſcontinued.

NON-DESCRIPT BIRDS *from* BOTANY BAY.

TWO non-deſcript birds have been lately brought home from Botany Bay, by the ſhip Buffalo, which are to be ſent to the ſeat of the Earl of Exeter. A cage has been purpoſely made for bringing them on ſhore, and another for conveying them to his lordſhip. They riſe in height ſeven feet from the toe to the point of the beak, and their form reſembles that of an oſtrich, with greyiſh-brown plumage, conſiſting of two feathers on one quill. They are extremely docile, and are with difficulty enraged; when they are in anger, they ſhew it by no other method than by kicking with the greateſt violence. The neck is like that of a ſwan, and the head and beak greatly reſemble thoſe of a gooſe. Their legs are long, thick, and feathered, and when they ſtand erect, they are in form and attitude nearly perpendicular.

REMARKS *on the* BUSTARD.

THIS very ſingular animal is one of the largeſt of our native land-birds: it has been known to weigh 30lbs. and to meaſure four feet in length. It was formerly very numerous on Saliſbury Plain, and ſome of the old leaſes of farms thereon contain a clauſe, that the tenant ſhall provide the landlord with a buſtard annually. The murdering tribe of the ſportſman, and the pilfering hand of the ſhepherd, have, however, nearly exterminated the ſpecies. An inſignificant and tiny partridge is protected by the laws of the land, whilſt this large and noble bird is allowed to be ſacrificed by any ignorant clown who has cunning enough to ſurpriſe him. For, happily, nature has taught him to ſhun the walks of man, as the *moſt wanton*, I grant in the creation. Mr. Gilpin, ſpeaking of the buſtard, ſays, "his own vigilance is a better ſecurity to him than an act of parliament; as he is ſo noble a prize, the fleſh ſo delicate, and the quantity of it ſo large, he is of courſe frequently the object of the fowler's ſtratagem." Mr. Gilpin particularizes ſome of theſe, and places implicit confidence in the common, but erroneous opinion, that the buſtard may often be caught with greyhounds before he can riſe from the greyhound, as he performs the ceremony with great difficulty. In the ſummer of 1800, a gentleman ſaw two on Saliſbury Plain, near the village of Tilſhead; and amuſed himſelf for ten minutes by looking at and examining them, through a teleſcope. He approached them within eighty yards, when they ſprang immediately from the ground.

Anſwer, by John Whittle, of Upway, to Juventus's Rebus, inſerted March 15.

THE gallant GRAVES I have diſclos'd,
That is the hero you propos'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. S. of Topſham; William Strong, R. Sowdon, J. Squance, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; W. Mann, S. Perkins, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh, to Philo's Charade, inſerted March 15.

HERRING is the fiſh you mean,
As in your charade's plainly ſeen.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Juvenis, and W. England, of Dorcheſter; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; T. S. of Topſham; E. Moon, W. Strong, H. Humphreys, R. Sowdon, and John Squance, of Exeter; J. Sweetman, near Lyme; G. England, of Lyme; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; S. Perkins, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by T. Adey, of Poole, to C. Mackey's Rebus, inſerted March 22.

IN your rebus I plainly ſee,
TURBOT, a fiſh of celebrity.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Sweetman, near Lyme; J. Lewis, of Poole; E. Moon, W. Strong, J. Squance, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and Juvenis, of Dorcheſter.

A CHARADE, *by J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.*

FOUR-SEVENTHS of a book which much learning contains,
And all who would know it muſt ſtrive and take pains;
To which if you add juſt a weight, and no more,
A ſmall Britiſh town with great eaſe you'll explore.

A CHARADE, *by W. Mann, of Aſhburton.*

HAIL ſapient youths! attend my humble lore,
And for my firſt a vowel call to mind;
Then for my next that uſeful grain explore,
Which is the chief ſubſiſtence of mankind:
My whole's the ſource whence Albion's glories ſpring,
Which guards our land, religion, laws, and king.

A REBUS, *by S. Murch, of Exeter.*

A Wretch you firſt muſt aſcertain;
The ſon of Shiza now explain;
What we profeſs ourſelves to be;
Next him who reigns eternally;
A liquor, Sirs, I make no doubt,
Will point the final letter out:
The initials, all together, Sir,
Will name a bird, or elſe I err.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The HERMIT.

SICK of the world's delusive joys,
Its cares, allurements, and its noise,
I love this dark retreat;
This grotto by the mountain's side,
Unconscious of the empty pride,
And follies of the great.

The wild fruit on the woodland hill,
The waters of the wandering rill,
Are luxuries to me;
The concerts of the feather'd choir
My pensive heart with peace inspire,
And blest felicity.

Sweet Philomel! at evening's close,
Lulls all my sorrows to repose
Till morning's blushing hours;
When the young wood-dove's plaintive strain
Recalls me from my sleep again,
My bed of fragrant flow'rs.

The fawns that o'er the hillocks bound
Stray peacefully my grot around,
Far from the hunter's horn;
The wild goats crop the fragrant flow'rs,
And woodbines that bedeck the bow'rs,
Flush'd with the radiant morn.

When evening's breeze in gentle sighs,
Amid the whispering woodland dies,
In soothing thought I roam;
Where from the hill's majestic brow
I view the distant town below,
Ah! once my native home.

The din of bustle fills the air,
How smoaky is the atmosphere!
Alas! how sad the view!
Farewell! a long farewell ye scenes!
I'll seek my grot's embowering greens,
Array'd in evening dew.

Come sing, sweet woodlarks! sing a strain,
And hail with Philomel the reign
Of Cynthia's languid beam!
Celestial notes! can I be mute?
Awake, awake, my slumbering lute!
And join the heavenly theme.

Soft murmuring thro' the fluid skies
Hark! how the mellow notes arise,
Which echo tells around;
Could princes feel a charm like this,
They'd envy e'en a hermit's bliss,
With such enchantments crown'd.

Kind sleep will soothe in sweet repose
The few and swiftly fleeting woes,
That haunt my humble grot;
But soon the happy hour will come
When wafted to my long, long-home,
E'en those shall be forgot.

Devonshire. HILARIUS.

EASTER-DAY.

FROM the sacred rock descending,
Holy Spirit! guide my pen;
Sing salvation fast approaching
To the fallen sons of Men.

Cave of death, give up thy booty,
King of terrors, leave thy prey;
Lo! the Righteous Sun is rising,
Bringing in immortal day.

Vain thy shackles, prince of darkness,
All thy artifice is vain;
O'er thy pow'r Jesus triumphing
Now begins his heav'nly reign.

Reign celestial! full of glory,
Full of mercy, full of love;
Love defineless—mercy boundless—
Glory—as of God above.

Shrink no more from Heav'n's stern justice,
Death eternal dread no more.
Christian! die serene and peaceful,
Thee a Saviour watches o'er.

Hallelujah! King of Glory!
Hallelujah! Prince of Peace!
Hallelujah! Great Redeemer!
Let THY praises never cease.

B. J.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

MAY MORNING.

Addressed to Eliza.

PEEPING from the orient skies,
With invigorating ray
Rosy Sol begins to rise,
Spreading universal day.

See

See the lark unfurls his wings,
Earlieſt ſongſter of the morn;
Hark! how charmingly he ſings,
As he riſes from the corn.

All is harmony and love,
Not a warbler now is mute;
Muſic ſounds along the grove.
Sweeter than the breathing flute.

Come Eliza, blooming fair!
Let us now together ſtray;
And inhale the balmy air,
Where the gentle zephyrs play.

Let us trip the meadows o'er
Where the purling waters glide;
And, with wondering eyes, explore
Lovely ſpring in all its pride.

Nature paints the vernal ſcene—
What a pleaſing ſight to view!
Trees array'd in gayeſt green,
Flowers of variegated hue!

All to raiſe our joys conſpire;
All in beauteous colour dreſt;
Fairer than we can deſire,
Sweeter than can be expreſt!

Malborough, 1802. T. JARVIS.

IDYLLIUM *to* MIRTH.

HASTE thee nymph, content-
ment's child,
Offſpring of a parent mild,
Blightſome mirth, O come, advance,
Hither lead thy feſtive dance.
Let the graces of thy train,
Hither keep their chearful reign:
Let them bring their flowing treaſures,
Laſting joys, and ſoothing pleaſures.
Spirits jocund as the May,
Ever ſportive, ever gay;
Bring each ſweet alluring wile,
Every unſuſpicious ſmile,
Such as banith ſurly care,
Such as bid the paſſions, e'er
In the breaſt unalter'd flow,
Such as ſmooth the angry brow;
Such as glow with chaſte deſire,
Pureſt virtue, fancy's fire.
Theſe O give, and ſomething more,
From thy ever golden ſtore;
Give thy ſweetneſs to the heart,
All its candour to impart;
Let it feel each ardent flame,
Lighted by ſweet friendſhip's name.
Let it taſte, without alloy,
Every ſocial virtuous joy;
Then every pleaſure here on earth
Will to thy op'ning charms give birth.
Haſte then, nymph, unto my cell,
For with thee I mean to dwell;
Thou o'er me ſhalt ever ſway,
Thee, O! thee, I will obey.
For why ſhould I now gloomy be?
Life was ſurely made for me.

Since all trouble is defin'd,
But a frolic of the mind,
We ſhall find, where'er we go,
Comfort in each path doth flow.
If we look around we ſee
Crowds more wretched far than we,
Who, from poverty or pain,
Raiſe the ſorrow-ſtricken ſtrain.
Never let us then repine,
Whilſt we ſhare thy look benign;
For if to thee we give each care,
O mirth, we never can deſpair.

Come then, goddeſs ever bright,
Fill each boſom with delight;
Let us, let us, e'er be free,
Courting thee and jollity.
Ever now direct our will,
With thy ſweet enchanting ſkill;
For if thou ſuch joys can give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

STANZAS *on the* PEACE.

AT length the dreadful ſtorm is paſt,
That long has fill'd the world with tears;
A calm ſucceeds the bitter blaſt,
And peace with angel ſmile appears.

O! while from Gallia's ſouthern bounds
To Scotia's northern mountains high,
The gen'ral ſong of joy reſounds,
May war's deteſted dæmon fly!

No more may hoſtile ſpears contend,
Or falchions wave with horrid ſhine;
Ah! let them ſerve a nobler end,
To plough the ſoil, or prune the vine.

And while the Thames ſo proudly flows,
And while the Seine ſerenely glides,
May ſacred peace, and ſweet repoſe,
For ever bleſs their peopled ſides.

Epitaph in Southampton Church.

HERE lies entomb'd within this vault ſo dark,
A taylor, ſoldier, clothdrawer, and a clerk;
Death ſnatch'd him hence, and alſo from him took
His needle, thimble, ſword, and prayer book!
He could not work, nor fight, nor read—what then?
Was forced to leave the world, and faintly cried—Amen.